Children

Patty Larkin

I remember walking with holes in our shoes
I remember we weren't the kind to make an excuse
I remember thinking we would break all the rules
Where are those children now? Where are those children now?I remember hellfire and brimstone be damned
I remember trembling at the touch of your hand
Crossing the desert to the California sand
Where are those children now? Where are those children now?I remember angels who lent us their wings
Cigarettes and paperback poetry kings
Kicking up dust like we didn't need a thing
Where are those children now? Where are those children now?Now the curtain calls and fails to fill me
I wander down the halls that used to thrill me

Songwriters
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